

Life

SEPTEMBER 23, 1926

PRICE 15 CENTS

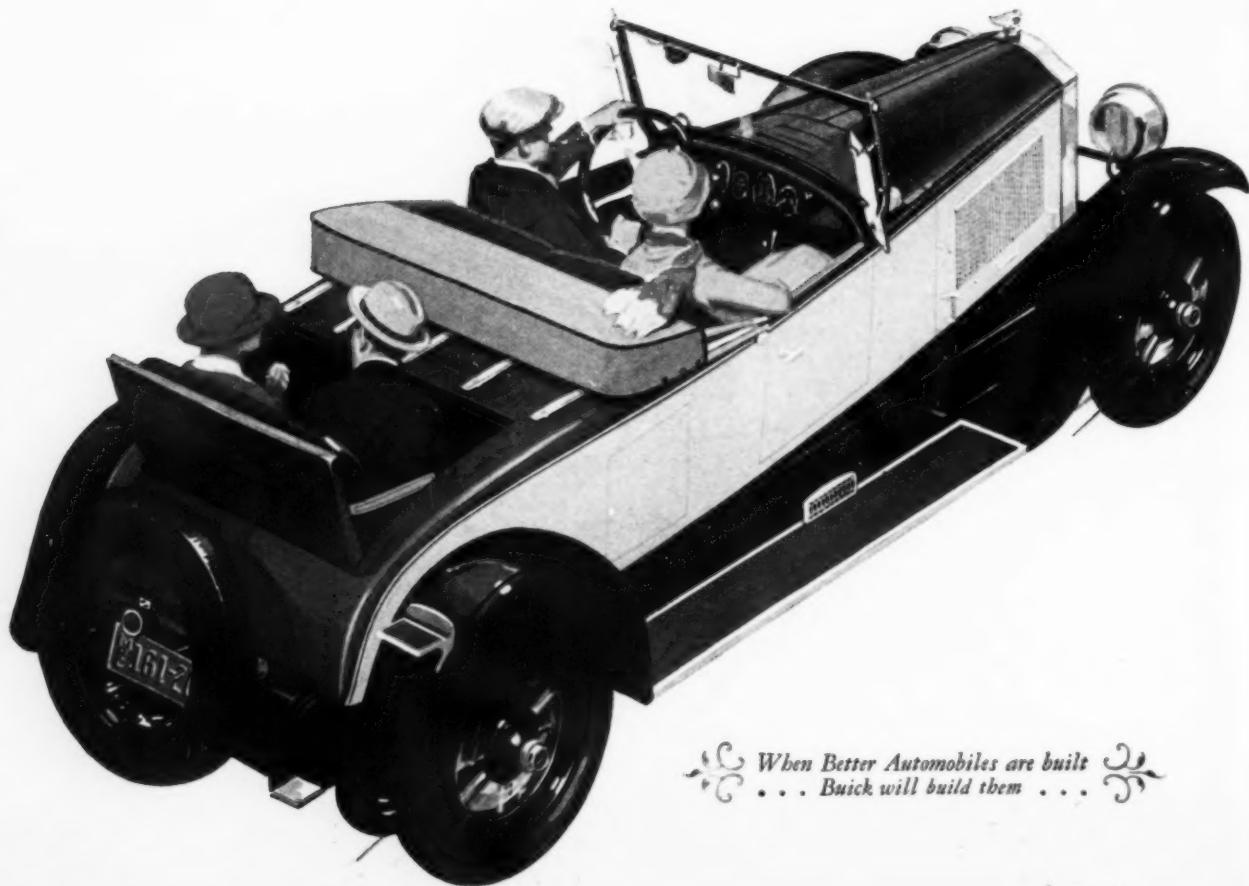


*Not to be
sneezed at!*



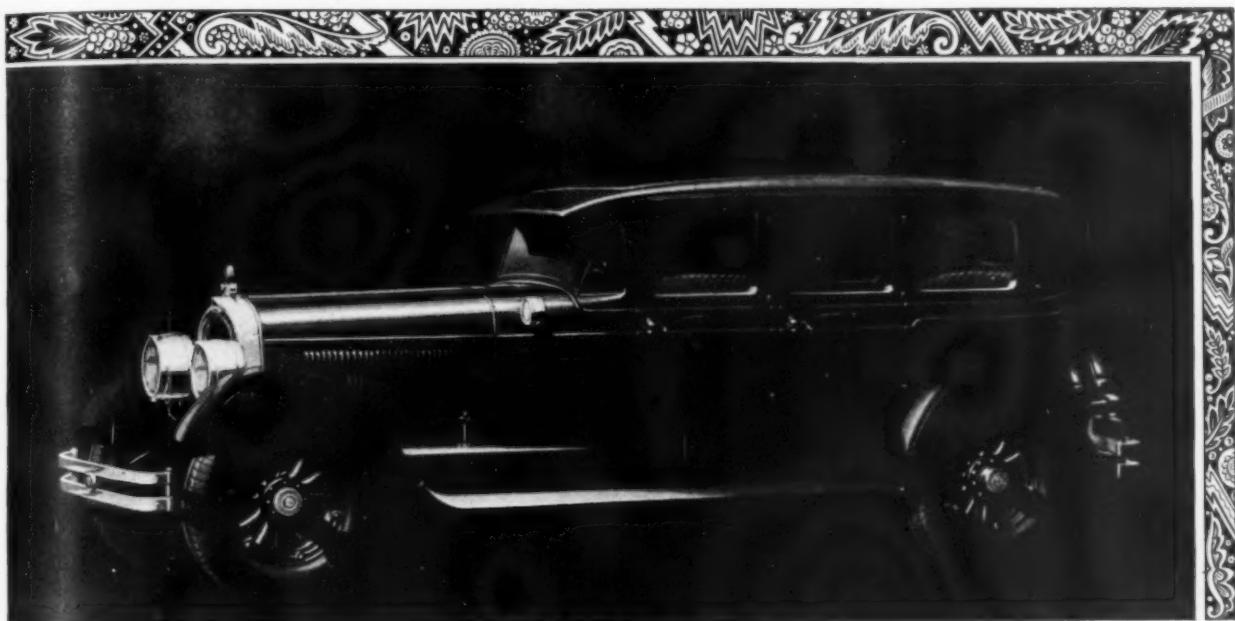
YOUTH is served splendidly, powerfully, pridefully, and yet economically, by this charming new 1927 Buick. It is princely in its luxury and grace of line, and it has the year's most important contribution to the pleasure of motoring—an engine, *vibrationless beyond belief*.

THE GREATEST BUICK EVER BUILT



*When Better Automobiles are built
... Buick will build them ...*

MARMON announces a new series of *custom-built* motor cars by distinguished body builders



Marmon has gone to new lengths in interpreting the needs, desires and tastes of the fine car buyer + surrounded by the foremost custom-body talent in America, Marmon has created a new series of the most advanced and authoritative mode + then has extended to the individual purchaser the charm and satisfaction of expressing his own intimate taste from an exceptionally wide range of options + the famous precision-made chassis represents years of concentration on one basic design continuously refined and improved until



today it very closely approaches the ideal of transportation + now more than ever you will value the Marmon for what it is, for what it will do and for what it means + + +

*also, standard cars from \$3195 upward, f.o.b. Marmon Motor Car Company, Indianapolis
—arms of the Marmont family of France (1400) from which the Marmon name is derived*



KING ALBERT—by the Master Craftsmen

Simple in outline, with lovely decoration, you never will tire of King Albert's beauty. After years of association its charm is always new.

Your jeweler will be glad to show you King Albert as well as other creations by the Master Craftsmen.

ALBERT SCHOU, for 20 years a Gorham Master Craftsman at the Durgin Division, Concord, N.H., finishing a King Albert waiter.

KING ALBERT PATTERN in Sterling Silver

Tea Spoons 6 for \$9.50
Dessert Knives 6 for 20.00
Dessert Forks 6 for 20.00

GORHAM

PROVIDENCE, R. I.



NEW YORK, N. Y.

AMERICA'S · LEADING · SILVERSMITHS · FOR · OVER · 90 · YEARS

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CHANDLER

The most impressive six-cylinder car in America today..with everything in and on it a fine car should have... Styled to the minute and built for the years . . . a value without parallel. See it. Above all, drive it!

Nineteen
Finer New Models
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The beautiful new
Metropolitan Sedan,
the great leader, is
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All prices f. o. b. Cleveland

CHANDLER-CLEVELAND MOTORS CORPORATION • CLEVELAND
Export Department, 1819 Broadway, New York



From "Consort" to Symphony —from Radio to Thorola Art



The first known representation of an Orchestra dates from about the year 1000 A. D.

The first crude orchestras were described as mere "consorts of flutes and viols". Compare this with the limitless tone effects of the modern symphony orchestra. A great advancement of course. Yet we truly believe you are bound to discover just such advancement in Thorola radio.

Thorola clearly marks the end of those days when the scientific wonder of radio could excuse artistic compromise. The flawless reception of pure, unblemished music and distinct, natural speech is the greater wonder of Thorola instruments.

Relentlessly all the old radio "disturbances" have been downed. As the pioneer American builders of long-distance acoustic apparatus we were ideally equipped for the task. We were able to originate Thorola Low-Loss Doughnut Coils making selectivity *positive*—concentrating full power on the wanted station only—and eliminating internal interference and circuit confusion, so that the remaining difficulties revealed themselves and

could be methodically conquered.

We also created Thorola Golden Tone transformers, balanced and sensitive to a degree never before considered commercially feasible. It was one more example of the attainments to be expected from an establishment which was one huge acoustics laboratory long before radio began!

And we already had the loud speakers whose brilliant clarity and fidelity, at any volume, admittedly improved all receiver performance.

Yet all of our highest technical achievements—so far ahead scientifically—should not mean as much as your ear in selecting radio! Unless you go and hear 1927 Thorola models you run the risk of owning radio that is already outdated. Whatever style you desire—console, cabinet, cone speaker, or horn speaker—the Thorola representative has it. He welcomes the most critical consideration. He will show you the first radio receivers with provable upkeep economy!

REICHMANN COMPANY, Chicago, Member R.M.A.

Thorola

(Western and Canadian
prices slightly higher)



MODEL S7
CABINET . . . \$60

Thorola radio at such a price seems unbelievable. Antique, Highlight Walnut finish and charming proportions distinguish this cabinet. It gives you the genuine Thorola 5-tube circuit, whose many special features insure performance which cannot be measured by any previous standards of power or hook-up.

MODEL 59 DE LUXE CONSOLE (Illustrated)

\$185 MODEL S8 \$125

more operating economy as well!
The cabinet, in Antique, Highlighted Walnut, is a furniture masterpiece: comparing only with the rich artistry of Thorola reception.

Full Thorola performance and economy characteristics are offered at a moderate price in Model S8. The Console is of Antique Highlighted Walnut, as in the most luxurious Thorola models. All the Thorola circuit and speaker features assure unsurpassed radio.

Life



Son (somewhat over half-fare): HERE COMES THE CONDUCTOR, MA.

Mother: PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, JOHNNIE, AND START SUCKING THIS LOLLIPOP.

How to Get an Oyster Out of Its Shell

TELL oyster, if male, shell is baggy at knees. If female, shell is out of date. Oyster will emerge.

Show oyster Burton Holmes Travel Picture. Oyster will wish to see world. Will leave shell. Join Marines.

Play "Valencia" all day next door to oyster. Oyster will make for open sea.

Suggest to oyster artistic way to renovate shell. Oyster will act on suggestion. Will go broke. Become poor fish. Lose shell.

Inform oyster it is bivalve mollusk of genus *Ostrea*. Oyster will quit shell in rage.

Put oyster on Statler Hotel mailing list. Oyster will succumb. Give up shell. Live at nearest Statler.

Induce undesirable persons to inhabit shell with oyster. Social prestige of oyster at stake. Oyster will move.

Place small fork in oyster. Lift to mouth. Swallow.

W. W. Scott.

Easy Game

THUG: Let's rob a bank.

GUNMAN: Too risky. Better try holding up the summer girls coming home with engagement rings.

Cupping the Pocketbook

IN the old days, doctors used to bleed patients for practically every disease."

"Well, for that matter, they still do."

WHEN more clothes are worn, the flapper will not wear them.

Sonnet for a Pro

YOU praise my golf form, saying it is good; My wrists, my arms, my elbows, everything, Even my freckles function as they should, And yet I get no distance with my swing.

I measure every move, control each nerve, Take time and caution every time I play. I work to make the smallest muscle serve And yet the ball stops not ten yards away.

You say, "Like this," and with abandoned ease, As carelessly as though it were a game Instead of some fine art or dread disease, You drive. The ball shoots outward like a flame.

My care before your ease is as the dust is, For this is golf; and something else is justice.

James Kevin McGuinness.

Covered

"**T**HERE," said the motorist as he attached the sign, "Herrin, Ill." to his front and rear license plates. "Now I'd like to see anybody overcharge me for anything."

The Powers That Ain't

THE nations now accepting the American reservations to World Court membership are Luxemburg, Albania, Santo Domingo, Cuba, Liberia, Uruguay and Greece. Ruritania, Pilsen and Graustark are yet to be heard from.



"I HATE TO BE A GOSSIP, BUT I THINK YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THAT MY HUSBAND SAW YOUR HUSBAND KISSING HIS STENOPHAGER THE OTHER DAY."
"OH—THAT'S PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT, DEAR! THEY'RE ENGAGED."



The Unfortunate

"SALLY'S A DEMURE, PROPER LITTLE THING, ISN'T SHE?"
 "SURELY IS; THE POOR KID JUST GREW UP WITH NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HER."

One Diagnosis: \$5.00

"SAY, doc, tell me what's wrong with me. I'm terribly nervous for some reason or other."

"When do you notice it?"

"Well, every time the telephone rings I'm startled and wonder who can be calling me. I'm afraid to open my letters; I jump when the doorbell rings. If a strange person comes to see me on business I imagine all sorts of weird things before he has had a chance to tell who he is."

"H'm—and how do you feel when you pick up a newspaper?"

"I dread the thought of reading one. Tell me, doc, do you know what's wrong with me?"

"Yes. My wife drives an auto, too."

Bill Sykes.

First Marriage

A YOUNG couple came to the manse of a popular minister to be married. After the ceremony, there was an awkward pause. The man and his bride maintained an embarrassed silence. The minister, in order to relieve the situation, said to the bridegroom: "Well, salute the bride."

Whereupon the bridegroom shook her by the hand, saying: "I congratulate you."

Atmospheric

R ELAX: So you spent your vacation at a fashionable resort?

REFLUX: Yes; they even put on riding breeches to toss horseshoes!

Wasted Effort

FOR months, traffic had bumped over planks and through holes, but now all this had been fixed. The broad sheet of new asphalt had just been rolled and, after a few hours of hardening, would be opened to traffic. No block on the Avenue had so perfect a pavement. It was immaculate.

In a room across the street, a conference was just ending. For the last six weeks, three public utilities had been watching the completion of the street. Each felt it would enhance its reputation if it could be the first to tear up the new pavement to lay some pipes. To decide who should have this privilege, the conference had been called. Impassioned speeches had been made by the president of each company.

President A., in summing up, said: "It is two months now since we had anything to tear up but some dirty old streets over by the river. We want a new pavement in a busy but exclusive neighborhood where the right sort of people will notice us. This is lovely here."

President B. thought this argument most undemocratic. He said: "It is the spirit behind the work that counts. Now, our company is entirely disinterested, but our public expects to find us tearing up some part of the Avenue and we really cannot disappoint it. This perfect pavement represents an ideal to our company."

President C. sneered: "Ha, ha! You don't deserve to get a good street. You who had a permit to close one side of Brooklyn Bridge for thirty days and then went and opened it in twenty-five days. Wasteful, you are."

Eleven ballots were taken. Each

company secured one vote on each ballot. In view of the deadlock, the conference decided to adjourn until next morning.

Just then a rumble and a hissing drowned out all other sounds. The three presidents ran to the window. Two swooned and the third burst into tears at the sight that met their eyes. A city water main had burst and the beautiful new pavement was already in pieces.

James Shearer, 2nd.



Faith—

Modern Ballads

The Bootlegger's Song

GIN, sir? Or Scotch or rye?
Here's peach and cherry
brandy...

Here's Bacardi that's dandy,
Your thirst I can supply.

Here's Bourbon, old and fine,
Here's apricot likure
That's absolutely pure;
How are you fixed for wine?

I've claret by the quart,
Bordeaux and light sauterne;
To make a maid's cheeks burn,
Here's ruddy Spanish port.

Name what you want—it's here!
Fit for the smartest tables;
See, see, the pretty labels!
Nor are the prices dear.

I plead beyond endurance?
The Hennessy, three-starred?
Thanks! Thanks!... My brother's card—
(He'll sell you life insurance).
Henry William Hanemann.

ADD Secrets of Success—An ounce
of pretension is worth a ton of
servility.



Hope—

Women at Their Worst

SHE: And this is little Leora. She's only six but what a clever child! Everybody tells me I simply must put her in the movies. Turn your head, Leora, so the gentleman can see your profile.

(Leora's profile is exhibited.)

You: Astounding!

SHE: She dances beautifully and sings and plays the harp and recites hundreds of pieces from memory and swims and dives and drives a car and speaks five languages fluently and gives imitations. Give an imitation of Pola Negri, ducky.

(Leora obliges.)

You: Superb!

SHE: Yes, indeed, we've spent thousands on her education. Do your Swan Dance for the gentleman, Leora. Mother will hum the music.

(Leora goes into her dance.)

You: It's unbelievable.

SHE: You see, she inherits it from my side of the family. My great-aunt's cousin, Leora, was one of the most famous actresses in the western part of South Carolina. Perhaps you'd like to hear Leora recite "The Shooting of Dan McGrew"?

(Leora prepares to whoop it up.)

You (rising to leave): I'd rather see her do a little sword-swallowing or fire-eating.

Robert Lord.

Innocents at Home

YAP: What did you think of the Venus de Milo?

SAP: I sure would like to have that for my car's radiator cap.



Charity

Life

To Elizabeth, an Ingrate

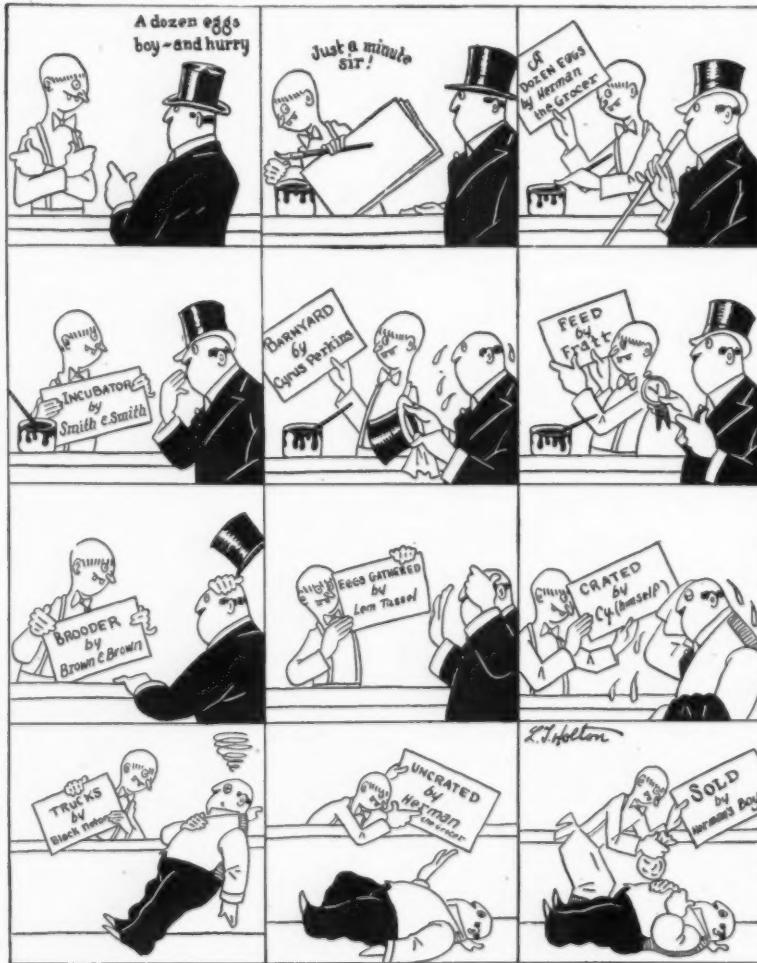
YOU say I have maligned you; well, what then—
Can your indifference be justified?
Remember Sunday last—that countryside,
The trouble that you made beyond my ken?
I think I'm most indulgent of all men:
Though others scoff around you and deride,
I treat you gently, kindly, and abide
Your sudden outbursts ever and again.
Who took you in when others cast you by,
Who set you straight, who rubbed away your sear,
Who gave another chance?...And did you try?
You sneered! And now the end; you've gone too far....
Can this, can nothing move you? Well, then I
Shall trade you in and buy myself a car.

George A. Paravicini.

A New Monologue

HARRIETT: Now that Blank's insomnia is cured, what does he bore people with?

AGATHA: His dreams.



THE GROCER'S BOY MOVIE-FAN TAKES PARDONABLE REVENGE UPON A HAPLESS MOVIE MAGNATE.

Life



Lines

GOVERNMENT chemists have succeeded in producing an alcohol which will not poison you but just makes you feel sick, thus sounding the keynote of the whole Prohibition movement.

It is our fear that our most lawless and unpatriotic element will now refuse to drink the Government's officially poisoned alcohol and will stick to the illegal but purer brands.

"Ford Seeks New Site for Assembly Plant," says a headline. We suggest that he erect it near the most convenient grade crossing.

The problem before our tennis stars is whether they shall play the game for love or money.

The impending visit of Mlle. LENGLEN to these shores is apparently destined to cause small excitement unless, by some chance, C. C. PYLE could persuade SUZANNE to swim over.

Chicago's curfew, ordering young people to be in by midnight, will be welcomed by parents, who have had a hard time getting tables at the better night clubs.

"FOR SALE—Or trade, cheap this week: A good young milk cow giving milk, furniture for two rooms, Ford roadster and a ladies size Waltham watch."

—Lyons (Kan.) News.

In other words, she will give till it hurts.

The increase of eighteen per cent. in the production of fountain pens encourages the belief that in another six months or a year the industry will have caught up with the output of dotted lines.

"Modern funeral methods discussed at annual meeting of Oregon undertakers. Sports section, page 4."

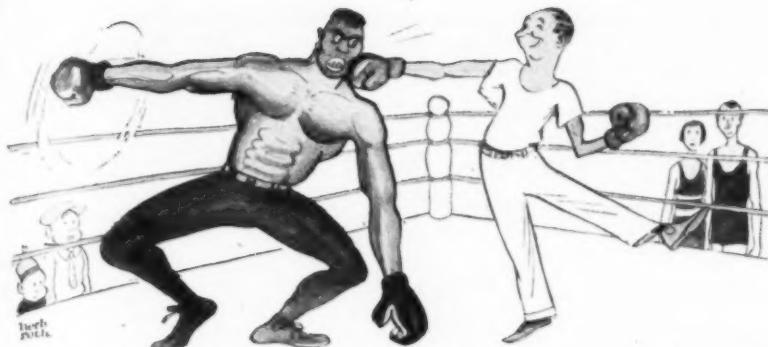
—News summary in Portland Oregonian. Can it be that some of the Oregon morticians have signed contracts with C. C. PYLE?

"Betty Jane Riley did not give a party last Tuesday evening, as published Friday, but had a few friends of the neighborhood to eat some refreshments left from a party given by Mrs. Riley."

—Wahpeton (N. D.) Globe.

We're glad to get the real facts on this at last.

In Texas, woman's place is again the home.



"AND WITH THIS I DROPPED A RIGHT DOWN TO THE BIG FELLOW'S JAW."

The Low-Down on the Big Fight

Based on a Visit to the Opposing Camps

By Robert Benchley

THE DEMPSEY CAMP

Atlantic City, Sept. 20.

A VISIT to the Dempsey camp was arranged for me by my pretending I was Gene Tunney and saying I wanted to fight on Monday instead of Thursday.

"But we have to go to Philadelphia to do it," was the word sent out by the Champ.

"I want to fight to-day and I want to fight here!" was my reply.

Soon the Colossus of Clinch appeared, very natty in his blue tights, and ready for the fray.

"My name is Tinney," I said, putting out my hand, which immediately disappeared.

"I understood you to say 'Tunney,'" was the reply.

"Bless your heart, no," I said, laughing myself into a perfect frenzy. "Tinney is my name, Frank Tinney." And with this I dropped a right down to the Big Fellow's jaw.

"Do you see much of the rest of the gang these days?" he asked.

"I see Theodore every once in a while," I said, sending a stinger between his ribs.

"Theodore whom?" queried the Cæsus of Cartilage.

"Just Theodore," I said. "His parents died when he was very young."

"Poor kiddie," mused Juggernaut Jack. And then, a few seconds later — "Poor kiddie!"

By this time I was raining rights and lefts on his defenseless head with such viciousness that he said:

"That's a mighty pretty pencil-clip you've got there in your pocket, Frank Tinney. How'll you swap it for three agates and a cat's-eye?"

I paused and separated my knuckles.

"I think you ought to know before we go any farther," I said quietly, "that my name is really not even Frank Tinney. Come now, fess up — I had you fooled for a minute there, didn't I?"

"You don't mean Frank Tinney that used to be in 'The Music Box,' do you?" asked Le Diable. "Then it was all a dream," he cried, "and I don't have to go back to that terrible school?" He was trembling now.

"Come, Jack, boy," I said, taking him by the arm and spraining my



"WHERE IS THE TUNNEY TRAINING CAMP?" I ASKED THE STATION MASTER."

wrist, "we're going home now — home to Inglenook."

And as we walked together through the ropes I knew in my heart that Jack Dempsey would win on Thursday.

THE TUNNEY CAMP

Speculator, N. Y., Sept. 21.

ON the way up here in the train to visit Gene Tunney, I allowed my thoughts to dwell on the ex-Marine and his chances against Dempsey. What would he be like? What would I be like?

Should I walk right up to him and say: "Look here, Gene! What's all this I hear about you boys fighting? Come, come, you're much too big, both of you, to fight over a little thing like that. You know Jack. Headstrong, impetuous, never means a thing he says. Why don't you both come up to my room to-night and talk it over? Groton will never win the game if her two biggest boys act like this toward each other."

Should I say that? Or should I play the coward and push Tunney in the face?

As the train pulled into the station I remembered that there had been considerable talk in sporting circles about Tunney's being a colored man. It was either Tunney or Wills. I resolved to find this out the first thing that I did. If it turned out that *Wills* was the colored man, then I would have to rewrite the lead for my story of the fight (already in type) in which I said: "Jack Dempsey and the giant Negro Gene Tunney came to blows to-night in the Yankee Stadium, New York, before a record crowd."

"Where is the Tunney training camp?" I asked the station master.

"It was moved a couple of weeks ago to Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania," was the reply.

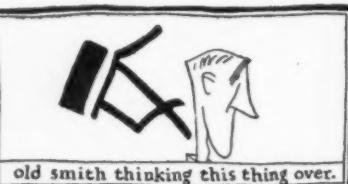
"Tunney's camp in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania!" I repeated, aghast. "Why, it hardly seems credible."

"Well, you go to your church and I'll go to mine," said the man. That finished me.

In summing up the chances of the two fighters, then, I may say that both Dempsey and Tunney look to be in good trim, and that, whichever one wins, I shall know that I have been in a fight.

ABOUT WILLIAM SMITH

LTHE smith coat of arms.
E was a bank accountant and his name was William Smith. His frame it was the frailest of the bunch he ankled with.



We hand it to Professor, he made good with William Smith—absolutely made him over, alienating William's kith.



His heart was heavy in him and his soul was all but sunk, when he found an advertisement by the great Professor Bunq:



"Do you want to be a HE-MAN? Eat raw meat? And bust hoss-shoes? Want to fascinate the women?" William fairly gulped the news.



To the aftersaid contingent Smith was just the same as dead, with this overgrown behemoth masquerading in his stead.



Perfectly fascinating society thing failing to toss a fit over our hero's rebuilt chassis.

His energy prodigious couldn't stand the banking ruck, so, consistent with his powers, William navigates a truck.



This worried honest William, who deplored his lack of heft, for when William shed his raiment there was very little left.



Now William's one ambition was to be a ladies' man but he knew his sketchy chassis was a hindrance to his plan.

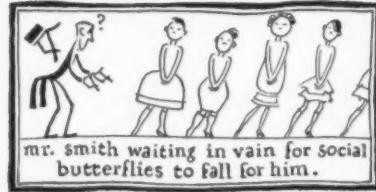


He bought the apparatus and he bought the books and charts; he lived the rules consistently and not by fits and starts;



he rassled with the Indian clubs, the dumb-bells and the weights, till he felt his chest expanding and he dreamt of heavy dates.

In spite of wide acquaintance, social rank and class enough, ladies didn't fall for William—William didn't have the stuff.



He is a Super-He-Man but he wears a clouded brow for the ladies that he coveted won't recognize him now.



"go on, kid, bite me or something!" "you jar loose or I'll bust ya one!"
smith nagging a swank party to get silly over him but such is not to be



Native Realtor (to David): YOU'RE JUST THE LAD TO DEMONSTRATE THAT BEERSHEBA TERRACE IS ONLY A STONE'S THROW FROM THE STATION.

What the Publishers Would Say To-day

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. By Dean Swift. (Special tourist edition with 4 maps, in gift box marked "Bon Voyage.") Amusing adventures of a typical Briton in the Europe that's not in the guide-books, with a serious consideration of economic conditions in England.

The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini. The thrilling story of an Italian who came to America in the steerage twenty years ago, and who is now editor of the *Youth's Companion*. Told with straightforward frankness by a profound critic of our social life.

Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi. When this genial philosopher lights his pipe and takes his pen in hand to describe, in mellow and whimsical essays, his nightly explorations of the ice-box, the reader is completely and arrestingly charmed.

The Odyssey. By Homer. The story of post-war youth, striv-

ing to find in the chaos of modern civilization a new theory of life. Odysseus, a young college man of

Ithaca, tramps through war-torn Greece and reports his sensations in graphic terms and forceful language. His detention on the island of Ogygia, his subsequent return to Ithaca, and his punishment of the slackers who stayed home and tried to win his girl away from him—all this is told with the frankness and zest of youth.

Norman R. Jaffray.

Cyrille

A MYSTICAL chemist solidified the spirit of grace and formed her torso.

A seraphic sculptor took handfuls of rhythm and molded her limbs.

An occult poet joined melody and fire to pour into her thoughts.

I. Ginsberg made her clothes.

William J. Griffin.

WE have three new assistant secretaries of war to foster aviation development. Now all we need is an airplane.



Nubbville Spark

OUR GROCER'S STOCK OF CHOICE, EARLY-MODEL FALL HATS, ALL ALIKE, ARRIVED THE FIRST OF THE WEEK, AN' HE MADE THE FATAL MISTAKE OF SELLIN' THE FIRST ONE TO THE HOMELIEST GIRL IN TOWN.



The Gay Nineties

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE FELLOW THAT USED TO SAY, "I'LL JUST HAVE A LITTLE CELERY TONIC"?

Fire!

CLANG, clang, clang! The fire-engines are dashing down the street! In the sky there is a bright red glow. Something must be burning. Why, of course! It's the schoolhouse! The flames are licking the eaves and the cornice; they're spreading; the timbers fall; it's all ablaze! Clang, clang, clang! The engines can't put it out: the hose has burst! The flames mount higher; now the walls are falling in; the books have all burnt up! At last there is nothing but a heap of embers and ashes where the schoolhouse used to stand....

Little Johnny has just had his annual dream the night before school reopens.

N. R. J.

SHE'S the most highly respected girl in town."
"Who'd she shoot?"

Literary Market Note

IN a form letter sent to their rejected and dejected contributors, the once staid Harper & Brothers recommend a certain book which tells, among other things, "How to prepare and *lunch* your manuscript."

We suspect Mr. Grant Overton, one of the authors of the work, to be responsible for the wording of the letter, though all we really know is that the gentleman is spending some weeks at "Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury, Vermont." We leave to others the discovery of the subtle connection between lunching a manuscript and the Bread Loaf School. What most concerns the unsuccessful writer is how to lunch himself.

FAIRY Story—He gave the waiter a fifteen-cent tip.
"Thank you, sir," said the waiter gratefully.

Cards Beat Giants

(Two Fans Review the Game in Sport-Writing Style)

FIRST: The score of eight to five does not indicate the easy fashion in which the Cardinals were able to trounce the Giants to-day.

SSECOND: The pitching of Rhem and the fielding of Manager Hornsby were potent factors in the triumph of the Mound City crew.

FIRST: With the exception of the fifth and eighth innings the tall right-hander was master of the situation at all stages of the fray.

SSECOND: The McGraw clan proved easy prey to the deceptive offerings of the St. Louis mound artist in all other innings.

FIRST: Hornsby supported Rhem brilliantly, several times preventing Giant rallies by the execution of sensational plays.

SSECOND: The Cards found the deliveries of Long John Scott much to their liking. Three safe blows and two bases on balls in the fourth chukker, which netted three runs, brought an end to his reign on the hillock.

FIRST: Barnes, who relieved him, fared no better. In the seventh chapter, Hornsby's men solved his delivery for a trio of tallies on O'Farrell's double, a base on balls, and singles by Blades, Southworth and Bell.

SSECOND: In scoring their final two runs in the eighth canto the St. Louis representatives clinched the victory. The Cards were aided materially in this frame by the weak defense presented by the New York infield. Errors by Jackson and Kelly paved the way for the scoring of the two markers.

FIRST: At no time during the battle did it appear that the New Yorkers were to be seriously reckoned with, thanks to the effective hurling of Flint Rhem.



"I HOPE I NEVER HAVE TO REDUCE, DON'T YOU?"
"YES, INDEED. AND I DO HOPE NONE OF MY HUSBANDS WILL BE FAT MEN."

SSECOND: The victory marked Rhem's eighteenth of the season. His work in the box for St. Louis this season is undoubtedly one of the outstanding features of the National League race.

FIRST: Billy Southworth, former Giant, led the attack on his old teammates to-day with three lusty binges out of four trips to the plate.

SSECOND: A crowd estimated at close to five thousand were on hand when hostilities began.

Norman St. Denis.



Prominently Located

Stranger: CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT HEADQUARTERS?

Cop: RIGHT OVER THERE BETWEEN THOSE TWO SALOONS.

Her Nicest Compliment

ALADY at the beach, sitting on a bench along the boardwalk, was asked by a small boy of six to keep his sand pail and shovel while he ran out on the pier.

"But I am leaving soon," she said. "Perhaps that lady on the next bench would keep them."

He observed the second lady a moment, then shook his head. "She doesn't look honest," he said.

THE movies have lost their only contact with everyday life." "How's that?" "They've cut out drinking scenes."



A BEAN GETS INTO THE BEAN-SOUP VAT AT THE KEMEL CANNING COMPANY.

Up-to-Date Superstition

Reject:

STORY of Adam and Eve
Jonah and the Whale
Noah and the Ark
Tower of Babel
Joshua and the Sun

Believe in:

Short ballot
Commission government
Direct primaries
League of Nations
Prohibition



Daughter: AND YOU DIDN'T SMOKE WHEN YOU WERE A GIRL? WHY, MOTHER, WHAT DID YOU DO WHEN YOU FELT THAT YOU COULDN'T LIVE ANOTHER MINUTE WITHOUT A CIGARETTE?

The Great Admission

1910

THE FAMOUS DIRECTOR: But, remember, the movies are only in their infancy.

1920

"...Only in their infancy."

1930

"...Only in their infancy."

1940

"...Only in their infancy."

2010

"...Only in their infancy."

2910

A Famous Director finally admits* that for over a thousand years the movies have been, not in their infancy, but in their second childhood.

*At the point of a gun.

As the Tabloids Might Have Told It

GUANAHANI, Bahama Islands, Oct. 12, 1492. (A. P.)—Three sailing vessels landed here to-night (picture on page 6). They are in command of a man who gave his name as Christopher Columbus, explorer, 52 (picture on page 37), whose address could not be learned to-night.

Columbus said he sailed from Palos, a foreign port, and that his trip is financed by Isabella, a Spanish Queen (picture on page 1). The purpose of his trip, he said, is to determine whether the earth is round or just lopsided (diagram on page 3, showing earth).

"I have discovered America," Columbus said. "I shall call it San Salvador, however," he told reporters.

"Go on, whaddaya mean?" politely asked a reporter for the DAILY SHOUT (your picture paper with ten million guaranteed daily circulation).

"Never mind what I mean," was the adventurer's surly response.

Columbus said that he might conduct a bathing beauty contest before leaving Guanahani, but "no monkey business," he added. A dinner will be given in his honor to-night.

(Other pictures on pages 8, 10, and 27.)

R. B. Browne.

Always

FIRST HUNTER: It must be against the law to shoot deer at this season.

SECOND HUNTER: How do you know?

FIRST HUNTER: I just shot one.

Culture of Travel

SO! You are back from Europe, Mr. Green! Tell me, what storied marvels met your eyes? What age-old spires and battlements that rise Defying time? And what far-famed demesne Where destiny was made? What colored towns Hemming the southern sea in jewel-fringes? What ancient glass whose radiance still tinged Forgotten kings beneath forgotten crowns?

Ah, you are back from Europe, Mr. Green! Tell us of what you've seen, ay, that you shall— You saw a fist-fight in a Paris bar, In Rome you saw a novel motor-car, And Venice? Why, in Venice you have seen A dead cat floating in the Grand Canal.

Morris Bishop.

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"I DON'T care what ANYBODY says, my dear, I think he had a perfect RIGHT to divorce her because I mean I think she always WAS frightfully WILD and everything and I mean she simply has HERSELF to blame because EVERYBODY warned her that she'd go too FAR and I mean it was only a question of TIME until he couldn't STAND it, that's all. ANYWAYS, I think a man has a perfect RIGHT to divorce a girl when she acts the way BETTY did because I mean I think a certain AMOUNT of freedom is absolutely a wife's RIGHT, my dear, but I mean there simply IS a LIMIT, you know, and I think she behaved VILELY—I mean I ACTUALLY do... I mean I'M one of the very BEST friends Betty has, but I told her perfectly FRANKLY that I didn't blame Henry a bit for wanting to divorce her because I mean I told her she'd behaved ABSOLUTELY unreasonably, my dear, and she simply COULDNT expect ANY husband to stand for that kind of thing INDEFINITELY. Well, I mean, she was simply LIVID about it and said she thought I was her FRIEND and everything and that I'd turned AGAINST her all of a sudden and she simply COULDNT understand it unless I was interested in HENRY myself! ACTUALLY, my dear, did you EVER hear of anything so absolutely CATTY in your LIFE? Well, I simply got right up without a WORD, my dear, and LEFT the house and I mean we haven't SPOKEN a WORD to each other SINCE. Because I mean it's perfectly TRUE I've always been frightfully FOND of Henry but she knows as well as I do, my dear, that he asked me to marry him LONG before he did her and I think for her to make such a perfectly POISONOUS remark as that was the VILEST thing I've ever KNOWN, my dear, and I simply CAN'T understand her being JEALOUS of me after ALL these YEARS—I mean I ACTUALLY can't!"

Lloyd Mayer.



"HEY, ALF! HERE'S A BLOKE'S NEVER SWUM THE CHANNEL."

A Cancelled Contract

A LIENIST: I have examined your star, and find her perfectly normal.

MOVIE PRODUCER (sadly): I feared as much! And she was once a grand actress.



SEPTEMBER 23, 1926

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE feeling of the European nations who owe us money is getting to be that we do not fully realize how much they helped us in our war.

A usual detail of discourse on this subject sets forth that when we entered the war we were not ready to fight and that about all we could do was to furnish money and supplies. But our navy was ready to fight and was extremely useful from the beginning. The destruction of British shipping early in 1917 far outran production of new shipping and was extremely alarming. After the navy of the United States, its brains and its vessels, became available, the losses by submarines rapidly decreased. So it is told in Captain Frothingham's new Naval History of the World War.

It was realized in the United States that if Germany won the war she would make more or less trouble for this country and it was pointed out often enough as an argument for going in that it was easier and more economical to check the German rage while we had the assistance of other countries already on that job, than to wait and undertake it alone. Nevertheless the motive for going into the war was not so much to save the hide of the United States as its soul. Very few people in this country were afraid of Germany and of what she might do to us, but a great many were afraid of what she might do to Europe, and a great many were concerned for what would befall the spirit of the American

people if they refused what seemed to be a duty and rejected the discipline offered. Few Americans were afraid of Germany; many Americans were afraid the United States was going yellow.

We did get in and it did us an enormous amount of good, vastly increasing our reputation and enriching us preposterously. That is the best point to dwell upon in discussing the foreign debts with a view to revising the settlement, as Mr. Philip Snowden does in the September *Atlantic*. The debts are due all right, and to the nations that owe them they represent part of the price of victory. Those nations could not have held out, much less won, without the supplies those debts paid for, but the fact remains that everybody on the side of the Allies lost money by the war except the United States and that the United States, as said, did make a raft of money out of it and came out a great deal richer than when she went in.



THAT is the great fact behind all the debt discussions. Mr. Snowden in his debt article goes into figures more than he needs to. He counts up all that fairy gold that is down on paper as coming to us in the next sixty years. He treats it as though it were real. It makes one laugh. Some of the fiscal rhapsodies our negotiators have composed are political and some were contrived to facilitate our bankers in lending Europe more money. The only large settlement that so far has given evidence

of reality is that with England, who is actually paying us now at the rate of half a million dollars a day, and settling at regular intervals.

That is no joke at all. In the present condition of England all this money that is coming to us ought to stay there. Thousands of people here would rejoice to see every red shilling that England has paid us on her debts back in John Bull's pocket and buttoned there. All these calculations of what the debtor nations can pay, how much they owe, what they spent it for, and all that, are out of date. The thing to be considered to-day is the present state of the world and the value and the needs of the people who are in it. The money we get from England is not important to us now. Our own taxpayers can provide it. But whether England is in health is important in all ways, and it is much the same with France. When the debts are juggled away it won't be in recognition of the timely sympathy and aid of Lafayette, nor yet of the imposing fact that the boundary between Canada and the United States stretches across the continent undefended; the reason will be that the debts are holding back the world and are a public nuisance, a nuisance to everybody that they concern and probably most of all to the United States. They hurt us in reputation, they help to keep too high a tariff wall around us and they exalt the cost of living. To collect them is a nuisance; to have them paid would be an economic calamity.

We got a vast deal out of the war. This squabbling over the gate money is undignified. We got in, thank Heaven, and the show was worth the price.



M. R. James Gerard, who was Ambassador to Germany in war times, is quoted as saying "the only way for us to defeat the hatred of the European nations is to maintain the strongest fleet, army and air force in the world." Fleet, army and air force are all very well, but not to scare Western Europe with. We cannot go bare while storms of prospective disturbance continue to abound, but it is much cheaper and in the long run more reputable to

try to help Europe out of her mess than to try to scare her into any more fits.



D R. Scanlan, the Managing Editor of the *Tablet*, writes to comment on what was said the other day in *Life* about President Roosevelt and the Spanish Friars in the Philippines. Mr. Scanlan inquires who was the chaplain who visited the Philippines as observer for our Government.

The observer was Father Vattman, a chaplain in the Army with the rank of Captain, who later got the rank of Major by a special act of Congress in recognition of his services. For the same services, apparently, his Church made him a Monsignor on the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance to the priesthood. He died in 1919.

The story of Father Vattman's mission, as Mr. Kohlsaat tells it in his book, "From McKinley to Harding" (Scribner), is a very interesting tale of polities and religion, and well worth Mr. Scanlan's attention.

The story of the Friars as told in *Life* was greatly abbreviated and condensed, being used merely to illustrate how little a leading American Catholic like John D. Crimmins may know about the Church outside of the United States. The complaint about the Friars had considerably to do with their morals. The complaint in Mexico is mainly that the Catholic Church is reactionary.



The Real Fight

IT is told that, in the Temple at Delphi where the Oracle was, there were two mottoes—Know Thyself, and Nothing Too Much. The world has had the benefit of these suggestions for a good while and still we know ourselves very slightly and are prone to exceed.

But little as we know ourselves we know other people rather less, especially if they are not of our breed. All the same we reason about them constantly as though they were of our breed and as though we did know them. So we are prone to do just now about Mexicans, who are not like us at all.

A GOOD deal of instruction is being issued in the world just now about the Latin races. They seem in Europe to incline to split away from the rest of the family. Spain and Italy between them make almost as much news in our local papers as the subways or the holdup men. France is hardly Latin: five per cent. Latin, some people say. She is considerably Celtic. If the Latins go off and start a family of their own, it does not follow that France will go with them. Nor is it at all certain how the South Americans will feel about it. All the same Mussolini is an interesting feller.

E. S. Martin.

Lif



“Hey, Mister! You can

Life



! You can't park there!"

Life

Owing to the time it takes to print *LIFE*, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Donovan Affair. *Fulton*—Reviewed in this issue.

Fanny. *Lyceum*—Fannie Brice enters the legitimate field. To be reviewed later.

The Ghost Train. *Eltinge*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Great God Brown. *Klaw*—For people who think with their theatre.

The House of Ussher. *Mayfair*—Not to be confused with an author named Poe.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—Lenore Ulric continuing to astound—and delight—with her characterization of a colored cocotte who makes good in Paris. Henry Hull ably assisting.

Number 7. Times Square—To be reviewed next week.

One Man's Woman. *Forty-Eighth St.*—This is so bad it ought to run for some time yet.

Sex. *Daly's*—Nature in her customary course, a little duller than usual.

The Shanghai Gesture. *Forty-Sixth St.*—Proving that a man isn't safe anywhere, not even in a Chinese establishment. Florence Reed at the piano.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Don't look now, but who's that blonde with the two policemen?

The Adorable Liar. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

At Mrs. Beam's. Guild—Considerable entertainment derived from a couple of suspicious characters in a London boarding-house.

Broadway. *Broadhurst*—To be reviewed later.

Cradle Snatchers. *Music Box*—We are rather sorry that this one has run so long. It makes it seem as if we had no influence at all.

Henry, Behave! *Nora Bayes*—John Cumberland in something moderately amusing.

The Home Towners. *Hudson*—Rapid fire comebacks by George Cohan which please any number of people. A good idea is also included in the line-up and an excellent performance by Robert McWade.

If I Was Rich. *Mansfield*—Joe Laurie, Jr. To be reviewed next week.

Just Life. *Henry Miller's*—Marjorie Rambeau's new vehicle. To be reviewed later.

The Little Spitfire. *Cort*—Reviewed in this issue.

Loose Ankles. *Billmore*—The seamy side of professional escorting, expressed in the best vernacular.

My Country, Forrest—If you didn't see "Abie's Irish Rose," don't see this either.

No Trespassing. *Harris*—Billed as a "smart" comedy, with Edwin Nicander, Kay Johnson, and others. To be reviewed next week.

Potash and Perlmutter, Detectives. *Ritz*—Reviewed in this issue.

Service for Two. *Gaiety*—To be reviewed next week.

She Couldn't Say No. *Booth*—Florence Moore in hilarious farce. To be reviewed next week.

Sour Grapes. *Longacre*—Alice Brady in a new play by Vincent Lawrence. To be reviewed next week.

Two Girls Wanted. *Little*—To be reviewed next week.

What Every Woman Knows. *Bijou*—Helen Hayes and Barrie, a new team which seems to be ideal.

What's the Use? *Princess*—To be reviewed next week.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Americana. *Belmont*—A small revue which manages to appeal to something besides the eye and ear.

Castles in the Air. *Selwyn*—With Vivienne Segal and Bernard Granville. To be reviewed next week.

Countess Maritza. *Shubert*—A Continental success which will be reviewed next week.

Garrison Gaieties. *Garrison*—A summer satirical revue which invariably crowds into the autumn.

The Girl Friend. *Vanderbilt*—Puck and White in a show with a justly popular score.

The Great Temptations. *Winter Garden*—Big and buxom, with Jack Benny as interlocutor.

Iolanthe. *Plymouth*—Whether or not you are a Gilbert and Sullivan fan, you ought to like this.

Kitty's Kisses. *Playhouse*—Dancing, if that satisfies you.

Naughty Riquette. *Cosmopolitan*—To be reviewed later.

A Night in Paris. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Adequate entertainment for man and beast.

Queen High. *Ambassador*—With Luella Gear, Frank McIntyre and Charles Ruggles. To be reviewed next week.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—A year ago this week we said that the Marilyn Miller-Jack Donahue show was good. Now will you believe us?

The Vagabond King. *Casino*—Lots of good singing.

Vanities of 1926. *Earl Carroll*—Here are Julius Tannen, Dale and Smith, and Moran and Mack, and yet it isn't a very good show.

Ziegfeld Revue. *Globe*—A pleasant enough affair, including James Barton, Rae Dooley and Andrew Tombes.

Saturday Night
SHE (in line outside movie theatre): Dearie, is the crowd moving in?

HE: No, that fat man just ahead of us took a deep breath.

A FRENCHMAN is reported to have sold his wife for twenty francs, which is the lowest quotation that we have yet seen.



WHEN YOUR BARBER TELLS THAT FUNNY STORY TO HIS FRIEND



Cuteness and Crime

WE have now advanced so far into a grouchy senility that at the mere mention of plays with titles like "The Little Spitfire" and "The Adorable Liar" we start snarling. And if, out of loyalty to our clientele, we do attend these plays and are confronted by the cute, wide-eyed heroine that we suspected, there are practically no lengths to which we will not go to express our *malaise*. We make very few demands on life, but, at our age, we do claim exemption from the Young Thing who goes about setting everybody by the ears.



WE wish that we might have felt differently about "The Adorable Liar," for it is done as inoffensively as possible by an excellent cast which includes Tom Wise, Henry Stephenson, Dorothy Burgess and Eric Dressler, all very nice people. But as soon as we saw the name, we knew that nothing short of the Six Brown Brothers could save it for us. And in spite of Miss Burgess' performance, and that of the rest of the cast, our old trouble came back on us and we were carried into a nearby drugstore, where we gave our name as "Tinker Bell, of 1856 Kensington Gardens," and our occupation as a "practical elf."

As for "The Little Spitfire," we were not fortunate enough to see Sylvia Field in the title rôle, or Miss Field was fortunate enough to get out of it and into something else. And, although there is always an odor of sanctity about Miss Sara Sothern, owing to her having been the lucky girlie in that big divine manifestation in "The Fool" a few years ago, we simply could not remain impersonal when, to show how much she loved horseback riding, she hopped on the back of a sofa and cried, "Giddy-ap, giddy-ap!" And we are confident that no jury in the country would convict us for having deserted our post at that very moment.



THE new season seems to be concerning itself less with sexual problems than with the more mysterious processes of crime. At least one high-grade thriller has emerged with a grinding of brakes and a hissing of steam—"The Ghost Train." Here is something new in goose-flesh pots, and the title is all you need to know about it before you go in. Then, after you get used to the thick British accent employed by the transients

in Rockland, Maine, you ought to faint regularly every fifteen minutes. And there will be an added treat in store for you in the dignified and stately, if slightly ginny, comedy of Gladys Ffolliott. You may resent Eric Blore's being so relentlessly funny until—oh, well, the whole thing is very satisfactory.



THE other straight mystery play so far is "The Donovan Affair," and if it did not have to stand comparison with "The Ghost Train," it might seem more exciting. But we are getting to the point now where, after fifteen or twenty guests have been grilled and suspected of murder in turn, we not only don't know who did it, but don't care. We have a system now whereby we automatically suspect the butler right at the start and then pay no more attention. It may turn out that the butler didn't do it, but it's a safe bet that none of the suspected guests did, either. And anyway, we are gradually losing interest in these group society killings, especially if there happens to be a jewel robbery mixed up in it. The next time we hear that a necklace has been stolen we aren't even going to look around. "The Donovan Affair" is all right provided you don't remember "The Thirteenth Chair" too clearly. And provided you give much of a darn who killed *Jack Donovan* anyway.



MORE butlers and jewel robberies would simply make "Potash and Perlmutter, Detectives" just another in the list, were it not, of course, for Potash and Perlmutter. We are easy prey for Jewish talk of any kind, and consequently sat back and smiled blandly throughout this latest Glass-Goodman piece, although we were conscious of the fact that every third gag came in the form of "You ain't a detective, you're a——" or "What are you, a detective or a——?" We were also conscious of the fact that Ludwig Satz was more of a Sam Bernard than a Barney Bernard and consequently not the *Abe Potash* that we knew and loved in the old days. Mr. Satz is funny in the manner of the Jewish comedian, with swinging arms and cracking voice. Mr. Bernard was the great heart of Jewry. It is just a matter of taste. Somehow it seemed that Robert Leonard as *Mawruss* was more in the picture. But, ennaho, the famous oil scandal was referred to as that of "Peacock Dome"—so Potash and Perlmutter are back, tenk God.

Robert Benchley.

Life More Endowments



THE delay in acknowledging the Fresh Air Endowments listed below arises from the fact that this is the time of year when we have to be busy with the actual benevolences of the two factories which make health and happiness for poor city youngsters. For the benefit of readers who have forgotten, or never knew, just what the Fresh Air Endowments are, let us explain that each endowment represents a donation of two hundred dollars from some friend of poor children. This sum, with others of the same amount, is placed in a perpetual trust in the safekeeping of the Bankers Trust Company, the income of which insures that every summer, for all time, one poor child will be taken from the heat, bad air and worse surroundings of New York's slums and given the benefits that accrue to these little souls and their little bodies from the atmosphere nature intended for them.

It is an amiable fiction of ours that the income from two hundred dollars in these days of high costs pays the entire expense of these vacations. All we guarantee is that each endowment insures that a child will get the vacation, the way any deficiency is met being our secret.

Besides the privilege of helping to make a child happy and healthy, each donor of an Endowment may attach to it any desired designation making it a perpetual memorial of some cherished person or some happy event.

We have received from an anonymous donor in St. Petersburg, Florida, funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT, NO. 306
For DOROTHY and BETTY.

From Mrs. H. S. Greims of Ridgefield, Connecticut, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT, NO. 307
In Memory of MRS. GEORGE A. HEARN.

From J. S. Morris, Esq., of the California Hotel, Paris, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT, NO. 308
In Memory of C. A. M.



A COMPLETE CIRCLE OF HAPPINESS AT THE
BRANCHVILLE CAMP.

From Mrs. John A. Brooks, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT, NO. 309
M. A. B.

From B. F. Edwards, Esq., Oakland, California, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT, NO. 310

"Trusting that many youngsters during the coming years may have a much-needed outing."

From Henry Willis, Esq., of Rochester, New York, check for \$100, Fourth Liberty bonds at par, \$300 and \$70.11 in uncollected coupons. The last amount will be added to other fractional contributions and the \$400 turned over to the Trust to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENTS, NOS. 311 AND 312
Memorial of ROBERT SEAMAN WILLIS.

From E. B. F. B., Ben, Peter and Walter L. Dreyfus, San Mateo, California, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT, NO. 313
In Memory of DAVID DREYFUS.

From Mrs. Russell Sabor, Minneapolis, Minnesota, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT, NO. 314
In Memory of GRACE and LOUISE SABOR.

From an anonymous donor in Washington, District of Columbia (who requests that we "see that some little girl named Mary has a real vacation every year," a request which certainly will be complied with), to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT, NO. 315
In Memory of MARY.

From an anonymous donor, who states that no acknowledgment is desired, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT, NO. 316
(No designation)

Funds for Endowments, as well as all contributions, should be addressed to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.



YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD FELLOW DOWN. THIS ONE
WENT UP SIX POUNDS IN EIGHTEEN DAYS AT THE
POTTERSVILLE CAMP.

Lessons in New Yorkese

The Movies

"O LOOKIT Mae wecomein inna middleavva pitcha."

"Well setdown ennyhow Agnisand givvus ahunka chingum."

(*Two minutes elapse.*)

"Lissen Mae Idamake hedna taila this pitcha. Wassis allabout?"

"Saboutanuff offayou. Givvita chanst willya?"

"Wella liketa knowwassit allabout. Weshoulda comein inna beginnin."

"You shoulda wentout aforeit started. Choo ya chingum angivya tawnails arrest."

"Wassasense alookin atta pitcha ifya cantmake hedna tail outavit?"

"Imake hedna tail outa youwinna minnit. Cha shuttupan enjer yaself?"

"HowcannI enjer meself fidunno wassit allabout huh? Wassa guy doinat fa?"

"Ofa Gaw sakes Agnis — cha seetha guys sweet onna goil anny otha guys sweet onna goil anny goils sweet onny otha guy...."

"Anyou got batsinya belfry. Assa goils fawtha."

"No yadodo tha goils fawtha is the otha guy."

"Wattoha guy?"

"The fatwun backawaysback."

"Idasee no fatwun backaways back."

"Wellacourse ya don't. Thawas twominnts ago at least. These is movin pitchas yaunnastan Agnis — movin. Wunnafta anotha see?"

"Well willyalook n o w iffainta ship. Wassa shipfa? Igessis musbe anoosreel."

"Nowitainta noosreel itsa feetcha pitcha."

"Well Icanmake hedna tail outavit."

"Well dontast toomucha yaself."

"Lookit thafat guys acaptin offa ship anne ainta goils fawtha attal. Anna goils gassaila pantson. Fi hadda shape likeat Mae Iwoodin gowaroundsinno saila pants."

"Yoube gowinaroun inna stray jackit inna minnit."

"Well Icanmake hedna tail outavit. Thisis terabil."

"Isay itis."

"Weshouldna comein inna middle avva pitcha."

"Wellitsall ova now. See— aguys neckinna goil ritunda



"MY INCOME IS FORTY THOUSAND—MY CAPITAL IS ONE MILLION."

"THEN WE WILL SPEND THE CAPITAL FIRST, DEAR, AND KEEP THE INCOME FOR A RAINY DAY."

thAmerican flagonna boatrite underit tees neckinna."

"Owissit all ova?"

"Yessits all ova."

"Gee—wuzzint it swell!"

Henry William Hanemann.



Gertie: I WONDER HOW I CAN RETAIN MY YOUTHFUL BLOOM.

Joan: KEEP YOUR CHEEK AWAY FROM YOUR SWEETIE'S SHOULDER.

1926 Edition

FAN: Just think, in twenty-four hours it will be all over. The champion will have retained or lost his title. A hundred thousand spectators will have gone home thrilled or disgusted. A million or more radio listeners will have laid down the phones or silenced the loudspeaker and will have marveled at being able to have heard the thud of gloves, the roar of the crowd, and perhaps the knockout blow. Tens of millions will eagerly await the newspapers that they may read, in a dozen different languages, the round-by-round story of the fight.

PHILADELPHIAN: What fight?

Bill Sykes.

The Wrong Shop

FARMERETTE: I want a file, a pint of paint, some powder, a washer, and some hose.

HARDWARE CLERK: Sorry, miss, this ain't no beauty parlor.

MOTTO of the four-wheeled sheik: Love 'em and fly 'em.



Auntie: NOW REMEMBER, FRANK—WHEN I GET ABOARD THAT SAIL-BOAT OF YOURS, UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES ARE YOU TO GO FASTER THAN TWENTY MILES AN HOUR.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

August 30th Tossing restlessly through out the break of day because of two or three flies which kept torturing me into wakefulness and at which I struck vainly with all the inefficacy of a drugged person, dreaming in my fitful intervals of slumber that I was lying slain on a battlefield with the Valkyrie swooping down upon me and not quite making the grade, so finally up and arrayed myself with grim determination, and summoning a servant to fetch me a fly-swatter, I did start upon a campaign of destruction with a zeal not inferior to that which characterized the campaigns of the old Crusaders, nor did I cease, neither, until the bodies of my tormentors lay lifeless upon window-seat and counterpane. Reading all the morning in a book called "More Uncensored Recollections," wherein a man who has no small opinion of himself tells this and that about various bigwigs whom he has known, and albeit the majority of them meant no more to me than I to Hecuba, I

did attend as eagerly as though I were sitting in front of the stove at a crossroads store. Lord! how I do love gossip! And albeit I hold with those who consider it an insufficient basis for opinion, I do think those who self-righteously refuse to listen to it miss a great deal in life. In fact, I am inclined to be as suspicious of the man who does not relish a juicy morsel of scandal as I am of the man who has no music in his breast or does not like ice cream. Off



on the lake for luncheon in the launch with my husband, and the poor wretch, attempting a landing at the tower dock unaided, did have so poor a purchase on the rope that I did drift off helpless towards the middle of Otsego, whereupon Sam, doffing his breeches and arming himself with a boathook, did start running along the shore, looking utterly ridiculous and not a little unlike Neptune, so that I was forced to laugh in spite of my potential peril, and I did fear that any oncoming boatman who might answer Sam's signal might mistake him for a lunatic, and, considering the time of day, his attire and the weapon he was brandishing, be afraid to heed his summons, for I had drifted well to the other side of the lake and neither my distress nor my connection with him was apparent. Two men in a speed craft finally to his rescue, and when I did hear him add to his request to be put aboard the

(Continued on page 32)

Rhymed Reviews

O Genteel Lady!

By Esther Forbes

Houghton Mifflin Co.

SWEET LANICE, — pardon,
Miss Bardeen, —
Was held as fair and bright a
lady
As ever tripped in crinoline
When gallants wore their hair
pomady.

She came to edit, write and draw
Among the Boston literati
Where Emerson was held in awe
By all the true illuminati.

Through social standing, wealth or
looks
She won a job before she knew it.
They climb so easily in books!
I'd love to learn just how they
do it.

But Captain Jones, the season's
vogue,
Of pride and peace of mind bereft
her;
The fascinating English rogue
So briefly loved, so quickly left
her.

Abroad, she met the Tennysons
(Though not her Captain gay and
shifty)
And all the great, inspiring ones
Who flourished *circa* 1850.

A suitor prim, a woer grand
She blighted, acting somewhat
fliyly,
But by-and-by bestowed her hand
On wise and kind Professor
Ripley.

These mawkish folk of yesteryear!
To show them up is quite the
fashion.
What prigs they seem, how insin-
cere,
Bedraping life, ignoring passion!

Their bards and scribes are *so* obtuse
And dull,—or all but two or three
are;
However did such prudes produce
The clear-eyed realists that we
are!

Arthur Guiterman.

"IT'S a great life," remarked the
somnambulist, "if you don't
waken."



*The Bride: TRY TO LOOK HAPPY,
JOE. PRETEND WE AREN'T ON OUR
HONEYMOON. PRETEND WE'RE GOING
TO PARIS FOR A DIVORCE.*

Great on Figures

SELL me a memory course! Why,
I can remember anything."

"Do you follow the market?
Well, what was General Motors' high
and low yesterday?"

"Two hundred eight and a half
and two hundred seven."

"Correct. And North American?"

"Fifty-four and five-eighths and
fifty-four and a quarter."

"Right. How about Steel?"

"One forty-eight and an eighth
and one forty-seven and a half. My
memory is above the average."

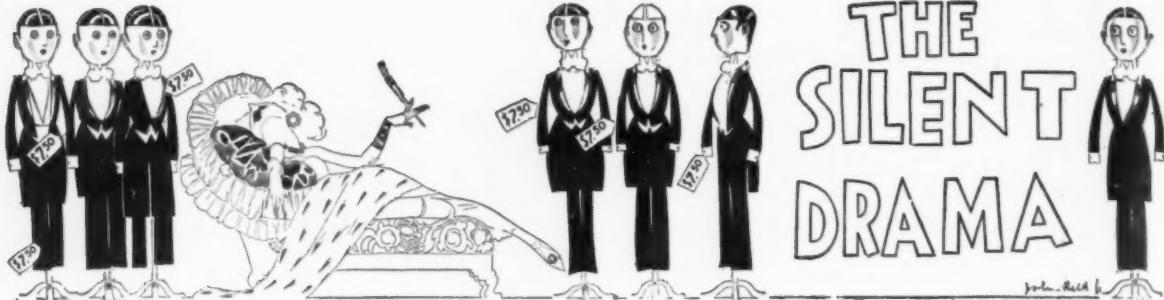
"So it seems. By the way, what is
the license number of your car?"

"Sixty-eight thousand, two hundred—no, it's eighty-six thousand,
two hundred—no, that's not it, either.
I'm hanged if I know."

"You lose. Here's the dotted
line." — *Bill Sykes.*

"WHAT'S become of the tat-
tooed beauty?"

"She had her face lifted and it
threw all her pictures out of focus."



"Fine Manners"

THE picture, "Fine Manners," marks the departure from Famous Players-Lasky of their most luminous star, Gloria Swanson.

Her loss is a severe one for Famous Players, leaving a gap in their program which will not easily be filled. Perhaps Miss Swanson sensed this and, out of the goodness of her heart, decided to make her last production so bad that her departure would not occasion excessive lamentation.

She has succeeded in softening the blow. I can imagine the Paramount officials seeing "Fine Manners" and remarking, under their breaths, "Well—she wasn't so much, after all."

CERTAINLY, "Fine Manners" is no credit to Miss Swanson or to the dozen-odd directors who worked on it in relay formation. It is the story of a madcap chorus girl who is taken into a high-hatted Long Island family and subjected to a refining process so vigorous that it quells her spontaneous charm.

Miss Swanson overplays dreadfully at times, and the devastating attractiveness that she is supposed to demonstrate is not always apparent.

Beau Geste. Ronald Colman, Noah Beery and others in a beautiful and exciting tale of the great desert, directed by Herbert Brenon.

So This Is Paris. An off-day for Ernst Lubitsch, but sufficiently sparkling to merit attention.

The Show-Off. Malcolm St. Clair's inspired interpretation of George Kelly's comedy, with Ford Sterling as the kid from West Philly.

Battling Butler. Buster Keaton lands with both fists.

The Duchess of Buffalo. An American girl in roughest Russia, with the alluring Constance Talmadge.

Don Juan. John Barrymore as the Great Necker of the Italian Renaissance.

JUST what the future holds for Gloria Swanson it is difficult to guess. She is now a member of United Artists, which means that she will control her own destinies to a considerable extent.

Miss Swanson's next picture will be "Eyes of Youth," which was made some years ago by Clara Kimball Young; she will be directed in this by Albert Parker, whose good sense and good taste should be extremely valuable.

It is my earnest hope that Miss Swanson will get away from the wild, boisterous comedy in which she has so heavily indulged, and will go in for drama which is a shade more dignified. She is extremely good at that.

"The Cruiser Potemkin"

SOVIET Russia has at last deposited a moving picture on these shores. It is called "The Cruiser Potemkin," and it presents the official record of a mutiny aboard a warship after the Russo-Japanese war.

In this picture we are supposed to see the awakening of the rebellious spirit in the Russian soul; we are supposed to hear the first faint murmurs of that voice which, ten years later, was to burst into a violent full-throated roar of protest

against the tyrannies of the Romanoff régime.

Such is the object of "The Cruiser Potemkin"; so far as this observer is concerned, it failed almost entirely to accomplish that object. I saw in it a few marvellous examples of the director's and photographer's art—notably the deliberate, ruthless advance of a company of soldiers upon a hysterical, mutinous mob; but I found the picture as a whole to be so utterly confused, so disorderly, as to be practically incomprehensible.

"The Cruiser Potemkin" proves that a movie may have magnificently effective long shots and still fail as coherent drama because its close-ups fail to hit the mark. The director here has handled his mobs with unbelievable skill, but when he gets down to individual cases, he is lost.

Look at a Von Stroheim, a Lubitsch or a Chaplin production and you will find that the long-shots make the picture, but that the close-ups tell the story.

THIS review of "The Cruiser Potemkin" is of purely academic interest, as the film will never be permitted to get by the National Security League, Secretary of State Kellogg and other defenders of the faith.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

One Minute to Play. Red Grange acts well as a misunderstood freshman. He also plays some football.

Into Her Kingdom. More about Russia. It would be pretty stupid if you stopped looking at Corinne Griffith to wonder what it is all about.

The Wise Guy. Penetrating the uplift bunk in a decisive manner.

The Great Deception. Terrible.

Nell Gwynne. Dorothy Gish in a beautiful but rather witless drama of Olde England.

Mantrap. The man who sued Clara Bow for breach of promise had reason to be peeved.

Mare Nostrum. Those pesky U-boats are out again.

The Road to Mandalay. Lon Chaney as the proprietor of a Singapore dive. He is a trifle repulsive to look at, but his heart is in the right place.

It's the Old Army Game. Not as funny as the admirers of W. C. Fields have a right to expect.

Aloma of the South Seas. Gilda Gray is very nice indeed in as silly a story as you ever saw.

Ben-Hur. Ramón Novarro as one of the charter members of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The Scarlet Letter. The Black Pirate, Variety, Moana, Sparrows, The Big Parade and The Merry Widow are all recommended, as usual.

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The new 90-degree, eight-cylinder Cadillac is out-selling each and every Cadillac model which has preceded it—and the reason for this is that reputation and performance exert today a greater influence than ever in the history of motoring. People know and can recognize, now, as never before, the fruits and effects of fine manufacturing; and the new Cadillac—almost alone in its field—is profiting enormously by this new intelligence in choosing.



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Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, cause pyorrhea.

Removes that film. Firms the Gums

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other. It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums to a healthy coral tint. Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.

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THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 752, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.	
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Only one tube to a family 2244	

Among the New Books

Nigger Heaven. By Carl Van Vechten (*Knopf*). High, and various other kinds of, life in Harlem as grist for one of our most sophisticated literary millers.

The Lunatic in Charge. By J. Storer Clouston (*Dutton*). Further humorous adventures of the gentleman who in former titles has been at large.

Not Afraid. By Dane Coolidge (*Dutton*). Another of those thoroughly Western tales.

The Prince of Poets. By S. A. E. Hickson (*Gay and Hancock*). A contribution to the Baconian side of the Shakespeare scandal.

101 New Ways for Women to Make Money. By Ruth Leigh (*Simon & Schuster*). An incentive to the ladies to put on a paying basis whatever talents they may have.

Perella. By William J. Locke (*Dodd, Mead*). Although one Locke novel is very like another, this one is about an English girl who made a precarious living copying old masters in Florence.

Lord Raingo. By Arnold Bennett (*Doran*). An extremely sympathetic presentation of a British Cabinet member as a man.

Devices and Desires. By Vera Wheatley (*Dutton*). A story about a girl who wanted to be a heroine and was obliged to let Fate write the rôle for her.

The Golden Dancer. By Cyril Hume (*Doran*). A factory hand in quest of a dream makes much better copy than a centaur's wife.

The Corbin Necklace. By Henry Kitchell Webster (*Bobbs-Merrill*). A hundred-thousand-dollar wedding present disappears, etc.

A Touch of Earth. By Lella Warren (*Simon & Schuster*). The young men who started the crossword puzzle craze now take a chance on the younger generation in its subtler and finer aspects, if any.

The Detective's Holiday. By Charles Barry (*Dutton*). Showing what a tangled web can be woven about a Scotland Yarmer who starts on a vacation.

Flight. By Walter F. White (*Knopf*). The moving story of a cultured Creole girl who was forced by circumstances to "go white."

Fraternity Row. By Lynn and Lois Montross (*Doran*). The exploits of a University lounge-lizard.

B. L.

Note on Wall Street

WALL STREET lies between Trinity Churchyard and the East River, thus furnishing every facility for a graceful exit for those whom it is through with. Very few persons who are skinned in Wall Street, however, have the social prominence which would entitle them to crawl into the exclusive Trinity burying-ground. And very few really jump into the East River, although they could do so with very little expense. They borrow a few dollars somewhere, or hock the wife's furs and jewels, and go right back to Wall Street. Speaking of lambs, was it Barnum who said there is one shorn every minute?

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Metropolitan hotel accommodations.



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INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!

IN the crowd across the street from an apartment house fire stood a Scotch couple who had been forced to flee from the burning building, leaving behind all they owned.

"Good Heavens, Andy!" suddenly exclaimed the wife. "We forgot to turn off the radio!"



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Visit Honolulu, Japan, China, Manila, Malaya, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Italy, France, Boston, New York, Havana, Panama, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Go aboard palatial President Liners. Outside rooms with beds, not berths. A world-famous cuisine.

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Indeed, there has never been an equal period in Dodge Brothers history when so many refinements of a popular and fundamental nature have been made.

The public is registering its appreciation of this progressive industrial service by purchasing every motor car Dodge Brothers can build—in spite of the fact that Dodge Brothers production, during these months, has broken all previous records by an impressive margin.

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"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"

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CONTRIBUTION to the new Code of Journalistic Ethics, from the regulations of the proof-room of the Seattle *Star*:

"Wherever 'hell' or 'damn' or other 'cuss words' appear in copy, except paid advertising, it will be set thus: D—, h—."

—*American Mercury*.

Thriving

ROGER observed his little brother of a few months and then remarked with a satisfied air: "Pretty soon his face will be big enough to slap."

—*L'Echo de Paris*.

THE opinion in boxing circles with regard to Wills's offer to fight Dempsey at any street corner for nothing is that he is a fellow of no refinement.—*Punch*.

THE TOURIST: What a magnificent sunset! One could spend the night looking at it.

—*Le Rire (Paris)*.



—*London Opinion*.

My Personal Puppet

I BOUGHT quite recently a chow,
Who bites my bedroom shoes;
And though a chow it's true I chose,
The chow it is who chews!

—*Bystander (London)*.

Hardly Fair

FIRST FLAPPER: Isn't that your boy talking to the girl in the Russian boots?

SECOND DITTO: Yes, I've taught him everything he knows, and this is the way he treats me.

—*Smith's Weekly (Sydney)*.

Big Opening

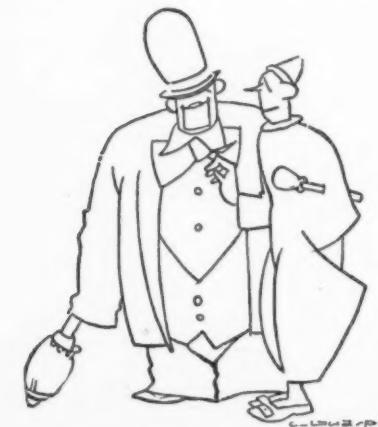
"WHY doesn't somebody write the Great American Novel?"

"What's the hurry?"

"We need it for the Great American Movie."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"John Barnett is again able to be out after his horse trade and says he would like to trade again."—*Ripley (W. Va.) Mountaineer*.

WHAT'S the story, John? What's the story?—*Detroit Free Press*.



In the Circus

"WHAT DONKEYS WE ARE!"
"KINDLY SPEAK IN THE SINGULAR."
"WELL, WHAT AN ASS YOU ARE!"
—*Buen Humor (Madrid)*.

Eulogy

I ADMIRE people who can fix things.

Give them a screw driver and they're happy for the day;
A busted washing machine
Or a prematurely aged lawn mower
Is their idea of the days of real sport.
They are always saying:
"Wait a minute and I'll fix it for you"—
They mean "minute" in a figurative sense.

They are always listening to motors,
Gas or electric,
And diagnosing their ailments by the sound,
Or being daredevils with electric light sockets.
Their idea of a joke is to holler—
At me, usually—
"Get away from that hose nozzle; what do you know
About machinery?"
The clever rascals!

If I ever, God forbid, take anything apart,
It stays apart.
Man and boy, I have seen a good deal,
But I wouldn't know a cam if I found it
In the soup;
And as for differentials—
They didn't have them when I went to school.
Once I put a washer on a faucet—
The operation was a success,
But the patient died.

You take a man with the mechanical gift,
You take a man who knows the wild gadgets,
Who fixes watches,
And doorknobs,
And magnetos, and everything,
You take a man like that,
And see if I care.

I admire people who can fix things,
They can have my part of the job.
—*S. K., in Spokane Spokesman-Review*.



Lady: WELL, AND HOW'S BUSINESS?
Beggar: OH, AWFUL; NOT A DAY GOES BY I DON'T HAVE TO BEG OVERTIME.
—*Kasper (Stockholm)*.

Visitors' Day

THE usual crowd of sightseers was waiting to be shown through the Missouri State Penitentiary, and it must be admitted that the members were gawky and ill-mannered. They stared at the prisoners as though the latter were animals in a cage, and the convicts grew correspondingly restless and sullen.

A small Negro trusty, who said he was serving a term "for stahtin' heah an' goin' theah with mah gal's automobile," watched the shuffling troupe with high disfavor as it dawdled past a doorway he was trying to enter.

"Visitin' us—visitin' us—all the time visitin' us!" he exclaimed. "I'll give any of 'em my room if they like this place so well."—*Kansas City Star*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Bedside Manners

DOCTOR: Feeling worse, are you?

POLITE PATIENT: Yes, thank you, doctor.—*Smith's Weekly* (Sydney).

"Is theirs a happy marriage?"

"While company is present."

—*Boston Transcript*.



"I CANNOT REFRAIN, MADEMOISELLE, FROM BLESSING THE FORTUNATE CHANCE WHICH HAS FOR A SECOND TIME PLACED ME IN YOUR PATH."
—*Le Journal (Paris)*.

WOMAN'S place is the British Channel.
—*Ohio State Journal*.

Not for Him

KING ALFONSO has to assure himself of the loyalty of his troops during these political troubles in Madrid. The other day he stopped a soldier in front of barracks and said:

"You know who I am—the highest of your commanding officers. Now tell me, if I ordered you to fire on me, what would you do?"

"I would obey orders, your Majesty!"

Three other soldiers, on being questioned, gave the same answer. The fifth, however, declared that he would refuse.

"Bravo, my boy!" said the king. "Here at last is a soldier who places his sovereign's life above any of his commands. But just why wouldn't you fire?"

"How could I, your Majesty? I am a drummer."—*Lustige Blätter* (Berlin).

Tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters in sweetened water after meals is great aid to digestion. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cents in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Balt., Md.

Musical Turpitude

A PARTY of American saxophonists has been refused permission to land in this country. This is only right. We have quite enough home-grown talent.

—*Humorist (London)*.

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We can make immediate delivery of a fine cabin cruiser with living accommodations for a family of four at a price surprisingly low. And you have a choice of four other models ranging in size from a Twenty-six Foot Cruiser to a Sixty-two Foot Motor Yacht.

Here's a suggestion. Enjoy your boat this fall and then cruise south with it this winter. Remember, all Elco Cruisers are built for extended coast-wise cruising. Start planning now. Write for Catalog L.

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Davey methods are standardized. They are proved by vast experience—a half million trees saved by Davey Tree Surgeons in 25 years. No experimenting is done on your trees.

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Further Lessons in Manners

WHEN some one comes to visit you, what is the proper thing to do? Make things so incommodious that she'll soon leave, without a fuss. It's not quite nice to put a pin beneath her, but who asked her in? So, if she starts out, don't say "No": Some careless people never go.

II

I know a little Goop who never desists from trying to be clever; at anything he sees he barks. His cynical and smart remarks. The folks who hear his irony are agonized as they can be. Why have they found his *mots* accursed? Because they could not crack them first.

III

Be clean and tidy; brush your hair with caution; cultivate an air of eagerness; shine up your shoes until they gleam like home-made booze; knot well your necktie; have your suit pressed very neatly; look astute; irradiate impulsive joy—And you may be an errand boy.

Simonetta.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 24)

Nara-Mattah that his wife was having hysterics thereon, I made ready to attack him with an oar, I having emitted no sound throughout the episode save a frenzied injunction against his trying to swim the distance, but my relief was so great when he did clamber over the side that I did nought but burst into tears. Then I did entreat him to show me how to start the engine, etc., so that by the time we quit the water, I was in a position to qualify if Sir Thomas Lipton should perchance be shorthanded. Motoring home through the town, I did perceive it was an auspicious time to demand aught which I might desire, so I did ask Sam to stop at the popcorn stand first and then to fetch me a chocolate sundae from the drug store, both of which he did, with no comment save a reflection that if only he had had the wits to leave me at the Day Nursery before starting out, our predicament might not have been so grave. But I kept silence, a policy which I have discovered to be expedient when I have wangled for myself any unaccustomed indulgence.

Baird Leonard.

Back to Work



That we may fittingly celebrate the opening of the collegiate year, we have prepared the

Freshman Number

which will be visible on the newsstands Next Week—with a cover by John Held, Jr.

Following this comes the **Gay Nineties Number** (October 7), a glorious burlesque of the good old days when women wore clothes.

There are other special issues on tap, including the **Crime, Football and Odd Numbers**. Watch for them.

Read **LIFE** regularly—
Every Week!



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* * *

We are the makers of Palmolive Toilet Soap. Are soap experts, as you know.

Now the best that we know, we've put in this new creation. In this amazing shaving cream, which, in a short time, has gained high place in the field.

Over 60 years of soap study stand behind it. There is no other like it. We made it to the expressed order of 1000 men who told us their supreme desires in a shaving cream,

**THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, (Del. Corp.)
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of shaving cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

3367



LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-nine years. In that time it has expended \$322,822.71 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 48,647 poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

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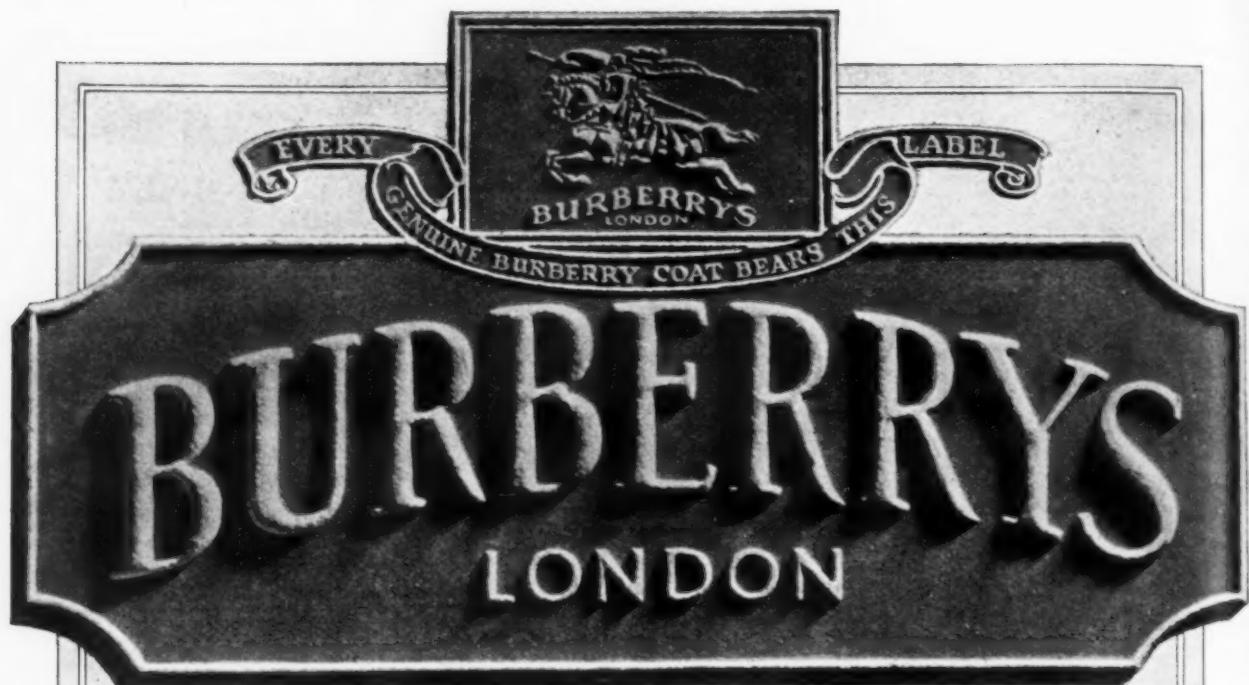


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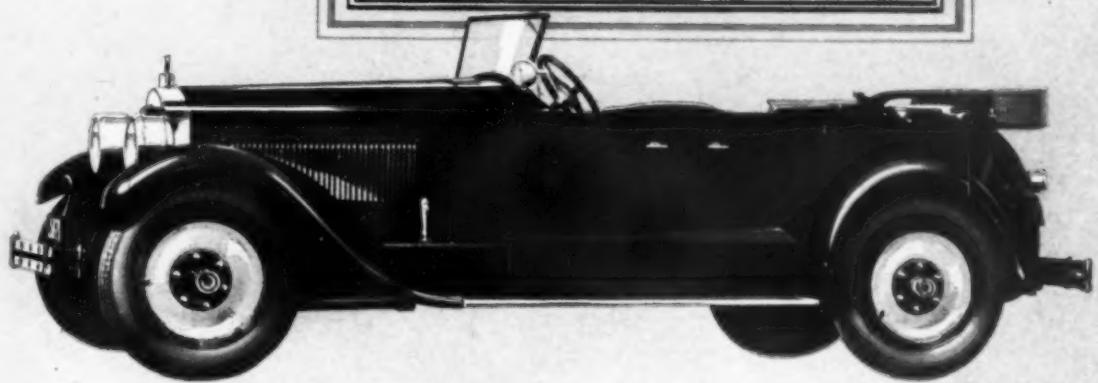
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